DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Education of the Deaf.

The New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, was incorporated in 1817, and began its work of educating the deaf in the following year. Since that time more than four thousand deaf-mutes have received the benefits of instruction, and been transformed from a condition of helpless ignorance, into intelligent, industrious and self-supporting citizens.

A brief summary of the advantages which the Institution offers, is given by Principal Currier in the successive Annual Reports, as follows:—

"Every known instrument or aid which is of value in their education is used. Lip-reading and articulation are taught to all. Education of the ear where there is a remnant of hearing. A course of study equivalent to that of common schools and academies. A mechanical trade is given to each pupil. Classes in cooking for the pupils. Thorough instruction in all departments of Art a special feature of this Institution. A completely equipped Gymnasium under the supervision of a Physical Director has been provided. A department for instruction in floriculture has been established. Military Drill for the boys.

"The Institution is delightfully situated on a high bank overlooking the Hudson, at a point where West 163d Street would, if opened, intersect the Twelfth Avenue. The entrance to the grounds is at Fort Washington Avenue and 163d Street.

"All correspondence regarding the admission of pupils should be addressed to the PRINCIPAL, ENOCH HENRY CURRIER, M. A."

The detailed report of the exercises of Commencement Day, printed in this issue, will afford the reader a comprehensive understanding of the work of the classroom.

Throughout the year the cadets receive military instruction, thirty minutes daily excepting Saturdays and Sundays, and on two occasions there are special competitions—the first on "Founder's Day," November 19th, when the companies enter into spirited rivalry for the honor of bearing the colors throughout the school year; the second, when they compete for the Russell Gold Medals, the silver medals offered by brevet Major General George Moore Smith, the Rhoades Gold Medal for proficiency in field music, and the gold medal offered by the Principal for the best drill officer. On each of these occasions the awards are made subject to the judgment of officers of the National Guard of the State of New York.

On three different evenings in April, the Fanwood Cadets gave an exhibition of the manual of arms and evening parade, at the Military Tournament in Madison Square Garden. In order that the JOURNAL readers may get a clear understanding of the appreciation and applause won from the public on these occasions, we give the subjoined excerpts from the various daily newspapers of New York City:—

There was something uncanny in the battalion drill by the deaf-mutes at the Military Tournament in the Madison Square Garden last night. All the the commands were by sign language. The spectators at first did not understand. A few tittered, then the true meaning of the spectacle broke upon the galleries and the house rose to cheer the silent figures in gray.

Field music, fifes, and drums, played the cadets from the New York Institute on the line. A rapid wiggling of fingers from the officer's uplifted hand, an instant's pause, then a quick downward sweep of the arm, and the rows of masklike faces swept to the right or left about, opened ranks, and formed a column of companies for review with a snap and precision not excelled even by the company of regulars that followed them. Their manual of arms was almost perfect. Only in the marching could an observer detect something amiss, and here while each company was in perfect step, the step of the three companies was not uniform, for the very good reason, that none could hear the beat of the drum.



NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.
MAIN BUILDING.

The cadet battalion proved a good opening for the military part of the programme that followed. If it had not been for these youngsters enthusiasm would have dragged. The athletic games were not finished until after nine o'clock, and the review that followed which usually takes only a few minutes was lengthened last night by an inspection. The audience did not appreciate this ceremony, but it gave the commanding officer and also the comptroller a chance to walk around the Garden tan-bark ring and show themselves to the arena seats and boxes. After the review there was a long period of noise and confusion until the uniform men broke ranks and swarmed over the house to get seats for the rest of the evening. The soldiers, mostly National Guard, were everywhere in evidence particularly by loud talking, jeers and catcalls which detracted from the evening's entertainment. Officers sat in the arena boxes looking handsome enough in their uniforms but they did nothing to quiet the unnecessary noise.—*Evening Post, April 24.*

Where all did so well it would be invidious to select any one company for special praise; yet the greatest applause of the evening was bestowed upon the parade by the cadet battalion from the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. These erect, bright-eyed, slender lads, in neat uniforms of gray with black facings, marched with perfect alignment and unbounded spirit and performed the most difficult evolutions with ease and precision.

Their commander, Major W. H. Van Tassell, gave all his orders in perfect silence and in the sign language by motions of the hand. The ginger the boys put in their work and their marvellous accuracy of drill set the whole house applauding, and when they marched off behind their own fife and drum corps the spectators were cheering so loudly that you might have heard them over at the Hudson River.—*New York World, April 24.*

The deaf and dumb boys were the next feature. There were about three hundred of them, under command of W. H. Van Tassell, drill-master. They marched into the arena to very good music played by a band composed of boys who cannot hear. The drill was excellent, and held spellbound Secretary Taft, Gen. Grant, Col. George R. Dyer, Col. Daniel Appleton, Capt. Louis Wendel, Major Daniel Murphy and others of the Secretary's party.

The boys went through the manual of arms with the utmost precision, and not a word of command ever came from the lips of the officers. Throughout the manœuvres the sound of human voice was not heard. The orders, given, of course, in the deaf and dumb language, were obeyed instantly by those at the distant rear of the column as well as those near the head.—*N. Y. World, April 26.*

The evening parade by the cadet battalion from the New York Institute for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, commanded by W. H. Van Tassell, drill master, formed one of the most enjoyable features. The deaf-mutes made a pathetic as well as an inspiring picture as they went through their evolutions. Not a word of command was uttered, yet they drilled with the precision of regulars. When the bugles sounded "To the Colors" and the corps stiffened into attention is was hard to believe that youngsters who drilled so creditably were both deaf and dumb. Many persons asked how the institute's band was taught music. Mr. W. H. Van Tassell, in answering, said that the mutes were made to "hear" through vibration, and that every note of the fife and every beat of the drum were transmitted through the spinal column to all parts of the body.—*N. Y. Press, April 26.*

The transformation wrought in deaf-mute children, in a few years, by the mental discipline and cultivation of the intellect in the classroom, through the instruction in the trades' schools, and by the muscle and body building of the gymnasium, is little short of wonderful.

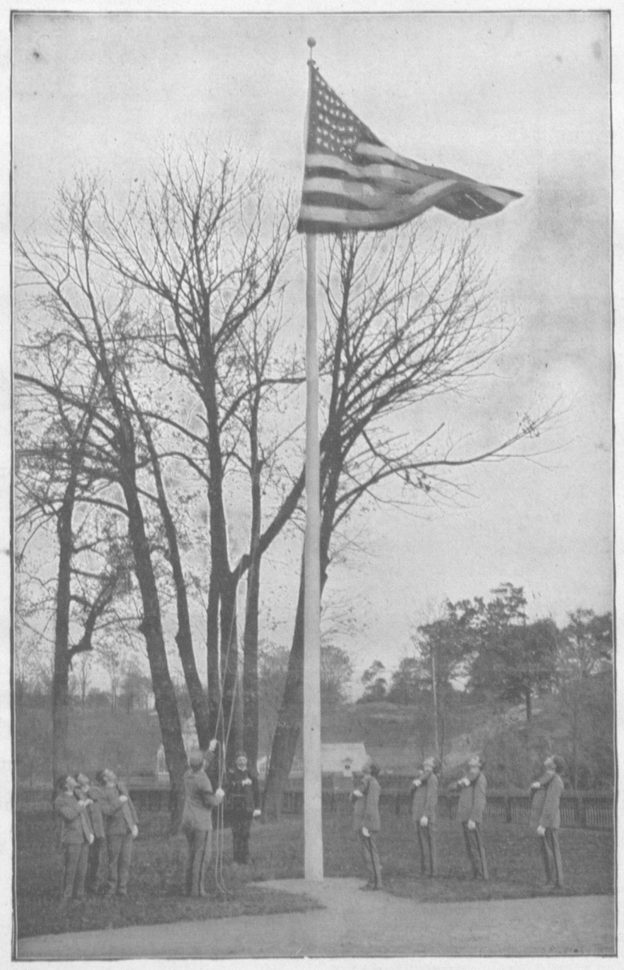
Most of them come from the homes of the poorer class of citizens, many have been brought up in an atmosphere calculated to stunt the mental, moral and physical being. Such an environment holds forth no light or hope of future usefulness or happiness. The deaf and dumb, under such conditions are indeed to be pitied. Their hardships must increase, and their dependence become more and more burdensome to their friends and families, as time goes by.

Happily for them and for the community, there are in every State institutions which educate them, and on the day of their graduation, bright and strong and healthful, they leave school with a good education, a trade, and a general capacity for performing their part in the life that awaits them, that challenges the admiration of all.

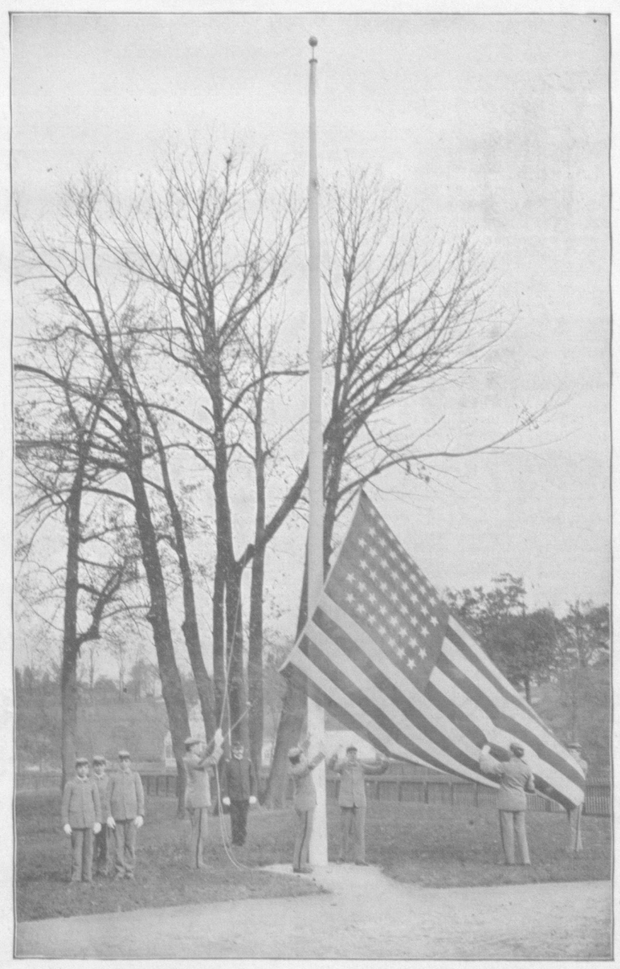
Rev. Milo H. Gates, in the Baccalaureate Sermon which he delivered in the chapel of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, in June, 1905, gave utterance to the subjoined sentiment, a sentiment which will find endorsement from every thoughtful citizen :—

* * * "I want to express my sense of the greatness of this Institution. I want you to feel—I have no doubt you do feel, as you come out of this Institution—what a marvelous thing it is. I think this Institution may be said to stand in the front and battle rank of civilization's advance.

"The test of all civilization, I think, as it is the test of all life, is civilization's ability to use what the world before has thought was waste. It is the business which can save the by-product, that is the business that will win. Sometimes we hear the zoologist and the materialist and the others saying that hospitals and asylums and special schools are wrong; that they are all unscientific; that they are in the way of Nature's true progress. My dear friends, they are most eminently and pre-eminently scientific. Civilization, like any modern business, will lose if civilization cannot utilize to its full every life that lives. And an Institution like this, and all others of this same kind which are so splendidly doing this, to my mind are all most splendid attestations of the reality and the practicality of Christ's religion, which is above all a religion devoted to saving the lost."



NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.
THE DAILY CEREMONY OF FLAG RAISING AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SCHOOL DAY.



NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.
THE DAILY CEREMONY OF FLAG LOWERING AT THE CLOSE OF THE SCHOOL DAY.

Leslie and the Monkey.

The dear, delightful little Leslie Oren, the blind deaf-mute at the Deaf and Dumb school, had the time of his life yesterday. An organ grinder with a monkey passed that way, and Leslie embraced the opportunity to make the acquaintance of the monkey. He saw nothing, he heard nothing, but he felt the monkey, and his heart overflowed with joy.

The monkey was perfectly passive to his curiosity. He ran his delicate little hands over the monkey's face, inspected its eyes and ears, pursued his inquiries to the animal's hands and traced each finger to the tips, and then, smoothed the body to the tail, and let that slip slowly through his hand, exhibiting the utmost delight at every point of inspection. He gave the monkey a lump of sugar, and covered its mouth with his hand as it munched the sugar. He gave it a penny, and saw that it went into the monkey's pocket

His delight sparkled with questions. He found out its name was Lizzie, and its owner was an Italian, how old it was, and what it ate, and what its color was, and asked if its long tail was not white. He said it was much like other people in the face, but not in the body. He asked if it loved the flowers, the trees and the fruits, and when he found it didn't care for these he was much concerned. Poor little Leslie, he couldn't just classify the monkey, when it didn't care for the beauty of this world. He couldn't understand how it could seem to know so much, and not love the flowers and the leaves.

Though blind and deaf, Leslie's soul is filled with the beauty and harmony of this world. He knows all the trees and flowers, and calls them by name, and rushes out to feel their beauty. Surely, there is a world beyond the senses, a big bright world, that Leslie loves. It really seems that the soul does not need the senses to see it. It really seems that the souls sees fairer visions, without the sense of sight and hearing, for no one experiences the beauty of things, as does that charming boy. After all, might it not be argued, that if all the senses were gone, the lovely visions would not fade away.—*Editorial in Ohio State Journal, April 29, '06.*

Wastefulness.

Wastefulness is inborn. Children are wasteful because they do not know any better. Unless taught the value of frugality they grow up careless and prodigal. We see evidence of this all around us in the destruction of forests, the burning of brush, the reckless expenditure of money for things not needed, and the waste of time. In schools like ours where children are given many things free there is danger in extravagance Knowing they can easily obtain anything needed in school room, the tendency is to put too light a valuation on school supplies and to form habits of wastefulness. If anything were needed to make good and useful citizens of our boys and girls surely the habit of economy would count for much. It is a reckless and wicked waste of the State's money to throw around books, slates, crayons, lead-pencils and other school supplies just because they may be procured by a beck of the hand as if there were no limit to the rich abundance. Our children should be taught early—the earlier the better—that nothing, even the air we breathe or the water we drink, is to be wasted. The old saying: "Wilful waste makes woeful want" can not be repeated too often.—*The School Helper.*

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, JUNE 14, 1906.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 183d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

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OLD AGE.

It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate,
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand Œdipus, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than fourscore years;
And Theophrastus at fourscore and ten
Had but begun his "Characters of men"
Chaucer at Woodstock, with the nightingales.
At sixty wrote the "Canterbury Tales."
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed "Faust" when eighty years were past.
What then? Shall we sit idly down and say,
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare,
Even the oldest tree may some fruit bear;
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress.
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day.
—*From Longfellow's Morituri Salutamus.*

THE special Commencement issue this week, ought to prove interesting to every subscriber of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. The material contained and the exemplification of methods and results of education, deserves a widespread circulation, and we hope that many of our readers will pass the paper on to their hearing neighbors and friends; for all the deaf must profit by a correct conception by the public concerning them.

It is especially important for the public to know that a system of education and a method of instruction are widely different.

The parents of a deaf child will request that the child be taught to speak and to read the lips. To them this is the *desideratum*. But to the educator of the deaf, it is only a part of the obligation imposed upon the school. The deaf child may or may not become practically a success at speech and lip-reading, but he or she must be successful in obtaining a careful cultivation of the moral sense, the formation of good habits, the acquisition of considerable fundamental knowledge, a trained dexterity and skill and complete mental comprehension of some trade, and a spirit of self-reliance; all of which combine to make honored and self-supporting and profitable members of any community wherein their lot may be cast.

It is the all-around training that counts for most in the battle of life, supplemented by a technical education which shall enable its possessor to secure a remunerative share in some special line of the world's activities.

The world has garlands and applause
 At graduating time;
And then forgets us the next day,
 When we attempt to climb.
Life is a battle, where each one
 Must seek and hold his own.
He who would rise above the crowd
 Must scale the heights alone.

This is the rule of life to-day
 As it has ever been;
The world bestows its smiles on those
 Who have the strength to win.
Beneath all outward semblances
 It looks for merit true.
It little cares how much you know,
 But asks, what can you do?

FANWOOD.

The Eighty-eighth Commencement.

PROGRAM OF THE DAY.

The Essays—Prize Winners—Planting the Class Ivy—The Addresses.

From our Regular Correspondent.

The Eighty-Eighth Commencement of this school came off Tuesday, June 12th, at three o'clock.



ENTRANCE TO THE GROUNDS.

The program for the day was as follows:—

MUSIC.

I. Prayer.

II. Address by the Presiding Officer.

III. Exercises by the Pupils, conducted by the Principal, Enoch Henry Currier.

1. Salutatory Address, with Essay, "The Influence of Poetry," by Samuel Cohen.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Time has flown by swiftly, and we are now to graduate. We are to enter the world, and must bear all our sorrows and burdens patiently. The lessons our *Alma Mater* has taught us will guide us safely through life. Like the birdling which leaves its nest almost full grown, so leave we our *Alma Mater*, Fanwood. In to-day's exercises, you will observe the proofs of the work being done for the deaf by this school. It is like the moulding of shapeless clay into forms of durabilty and beauty, and not merely that, for it does much more in preparing deaf children to become self-supporting and worthy citizens of our beloved country.

THE INFLUENCE OF POETRY.

"He touched the harp, and nations heard entranced."

Who has read Longellow's "Hiawatha," Bryant's "Thanatopsis," Milton's "Paradise Lost," Homer's "Iliad and Odyssey," or the leading English and American poets understandingly, and not felt the powerful charms of poetry?

The poet's peculiar domain has generally been said to be Beauty. His persons are winged forms, modernized versions of Grecian mythology, or mortals highly allegorized. He produces an illusion upon the imagination by words as the painter does with color upon canvas.

A good poet is continually paying court to our imagination, and only by the elegance and gracefulness of his theme is he capable of inspiring the soul. He may lull us into sentimentality by fancy, pathos by melancholy, rapture by romance—yet we feel the power unconsciously.

The poet, figuratively represented, with lyre in hand, pours forth his noble strains.

"Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er,
Scatters from his pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

You admire Homer, Shakespeare, perhaps Scott and Wordsworth and Shelley, but where did they get the inspiration and materials which they wrought into beauty? Not mainly by the study of books, but by going to Nature—the true source of all things poetical—and by an intimate knowledge of the hearts and feelings of their fellow men.

The poet, delineating every hue of character, develops the natural love, sympathy, and dislike which he himself experiences. Did not Shakespeare admire and love Desdemona and Cordelia; did he not hate and despise Iago and Edmund?

The power of poetry in ancient times was indeed apparent as shown by the records of history. The Greek Rhapsodist, according to Plato, could scarcely recite Homer without falling into convulsions. The Mohawk hardly felt the scalping-knife as he sang his death-song. The power which the old bards of Wales and Germany exercised over their auditors would be considered beyond belief at the present day.

In his "Essay on Milton," Lord Macaulay argues that as civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines. He holds that the most wonderful proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilized age, which is yet to come, and declares that the earliest poets are generally the best.

Edmund Burke, in his "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," asserts that poetry and eloquence are more capable of making deep and lively impressions than all other arts, even than Nature herself in very many cases.

Coleridge exclaimed that "Poetry is the blossom and fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions and language."

It soothes our affliction, multiplies and refines our enjoyments, endears solitude, and gives to us the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that is around us. It has given us the most beautiful conceptions that ever adorned the pages of literature, while it has expressed itself in sculpture, in painting, in architecture, in the dance, and more particularly in music, where

"Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear."

2. Illustration by Cooking Classes.

MUSIC.

3. Kindergarten Exercises.

(a) Welcome [Manual] by Rose Wax.
"A chain of daisies small,
Bring a welcome to all."

(b) The Country Store. [Oral.] Max Cohen, Storekeeper.

[Enter Ida Ginzberg (farmer wife) and two children, Vera Hoffman and Hymen Rubin.]

Max "Good Afternoon."
Ida "Good Afternoon."
Hymen "Mamma! Mamma!"
Max "Do you want some candy?"
Ida "Thank you."
"What do you want?"
Vera "The bed."
Max "The bed is fifteen cents."
Ida "All right."
"I want a broom and some soap."

Max "How many bars?"
Ida "Two."
Max "Is that all?"
Ida "That's all." "How much is it?"
Max "Broom, twenty-five cents; soap, ten; bed, fifteen. Fifty cents, please. Thank you."
Ida "Good bye."
Max "Good bye."

[Enter Charles Sussman, Ball Player.]

Charles "I want a bat and ball."
Max "Bat, ten cents; ball, twenty-five. Thirty-five cents. Thank you. Good bye."
Charles "Good bye."

[Enter Hymen Kriskinsky, A Farmer.]

Hymen "I want farm tools."
Max "Hoe, rake, spade, shovel. Four for one dollar. Thank you. Good bye."
Hymen "Good bye."

[Enter Rosa Robinson (city lady) and two children, Francis Englert and James McVernon.]

Max "Good Afternoon."
Francis "Doll! doll!"
Max "It is one dollar."
Rosa "All right."
James "Horse! Horse!"
Max "That is fifty cents."
Rosa "All right. I want some Force."
Max "How many boxes?"
Rosa "One box."
Max "Doll, one dollar; horse, fifty cents; Force, thirteen cents. One dollar and sixty-three cents. Thank you. Good bye."
Rosa "Good bye."

[Enter Isadore Goldstein, Sailor.]

Isadore "I want a boat."
Max "This boat is fifty cents."
Isadore "All right. I want some chewing gum."
Max "Five cents. Fifty-five cents. Thank you. Good bye."
Isadore "Good bye."

(c) Fanwood Roses. [Oral.] By Zelda Bernstein.

"We are Fanwood roses, little happy roses.
We play with the merry sunbeams hide and go seek
Way down behind the rose leaves we hide
—don't you speak!"

(d) A Birthday Party. [Oral.] A pink tea.

Many Happy Birthdays.
A Happy Birthday.
I brought you some candy.
This is for you.
Many Happy Returns of the day.

Boys "Will you come to tea with me?"
Girls "Yes, thank you."
Max "These candies are pretty. See the lovely flowers!"
Rubin [to Lillie] "Can I help you?"
Lillie "You may pass the cake."
Lillie "See my ring."
Rubin "Who gave it to you?"
Lillie "My papa."
Max "I want to see the ring."
Rosa "I have one at home."
Max "It is pretty."
Joe "It is lovely."
Lillie "See my beads."
Max "Did your papa give them to you?"
Lillie "No, my mamma."
Nora "I want some candy."
Max "Lillie, Rosa wants some candy."
Lillie "Pass the candy."
Joe "This flower is sweet."
Max "I love flowers."
Rubin "I must go home."
Max "I have had a lovely time."
Joe "I am happy. Good bye."

(e) Good bye. [Manual.] By Anna Hoffman and Hyman Rubin. "Good bye to all."

4. Graduating Essay—"The Spirit of Invention," by Anna Bonoff.

Nature, we are told, never creates a want without also creating the means for its supply. We see wonderful changes going on around us. This we owe to the spirit of invention. If this spirit were wanting, we would not possess as many comforts and conveniences as we have.

When one brings forth a new thing for the benefit of mankind, he makes a great use of his mental powers. Such men as Stephenson, Daguerre, Fulton, Hargraves, Wedgewood, Morse, Whitney, Arkwright, Howe, Edison, Marconi, are among the great lights that have opened the way to modern improvements. For their research, discovery, and invention, they deserve our admiration and praise. Their works command our wonder as we admire the results.

We travel sixty miles an hour instead of six. We speak by electricity to friends at distant points, and people who hear have voices pass to them through long intervals of distance. It would seem as though every power of earth, air, and water is being pressed into our service. And all this comes through inventions of the human mind!

The spirit of invention is continually active. We see surprise follow surprise, and still we are kept wondering. We cannot imagine what to expect in the future. Really, when we do think of it, nothing appears to be impossible to the human intellect. As we view tunnels under deep rivers, huge buildings in the air, and airships in the sky, we can only gasp "What next?"

5. Juvenile Oral Exercises.

(a) A School Exercise.
(b) Recitations, "My Cat," "My Bank," "My Postal Card," "My Books," "Right and Left," "A Watch."
(c) "Making Lemonade."
(d) Recitation, "Laugh."
(e) Conundrums.

6. Ten minutes for illustration of Field Music.

(a) Reveille.
(b) Fra Diavolo.
(c) Onward Christian Soldiers.
(d) Sherman's March.
(e) Dixie.
(f) Canadian March—Queen's Own Rifles.
(g) Maypole Dance.
(h) The American Boy.
(i) Tim Finnegan's Wake.

7. Military Manual of Arms, by C Company.

8. Art work with the Deaf.

(a) Primary Work.
(b) Senior Work.

9. Exercises by Pupils from Advanced Classes.

(a) Answers to Selected Questions.
(b) Algebraic Examples.
(c) Speech Exercises.

10. Graduating Essay—"Hope," by Kate Bredemeyer.

There is a beautiful Grecian story which is an allegory of the fall of man. It tells us that when Pandora opened the box filled with miseries and maladies, Hope remained at the bottom. It was left to cheer the heart of man under the sorrows of life.

This one human feeling does us so much good that we could not spare it. In its sweet garden grow balms for every woe. In our lives it is the one thing that cheers us on. No matter how miserable we may be, Hope is our reliance. It is the soother of our cares, and inspires our toil.

The life of every one has its trials and temptations. There is pain and trouble, and disappointments. At such times we are miserable. It is then that Hope brings dreams of happiness.

Longfellow says—"The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone." And it is so, for without Hope life would be dark. But after darkness comes light, and so God has given us Hope to lighten our lives.

Deaf people know this well. Without education we were in the dark. Our school has given us edecation-light. With this has come Hope, and so we can face the future with little fear.

11. Gymnasium Work with the Deaf.

(a) Swedish Drill. Senior Girls.
(b) Free Exercises. Junior Boys. Class B.
(c) Parallel Bars, Senior Boys.
(d) Vaulting Horse. Senior Girls.
(e) Dumb Bells. Junior Boys, Class A.
(f) Bar Bells. Senior Girls.
(g) Vaulting Horse. Senior Boys.

12. Essay—"The Great West," with Valedictory Address, by Marie Tanzas.

"Westward the star of Empire takes its way," is not a meaningless expression. The course of history, from the earliest times, shows the truth of these words. Beginning ages ago, in the far East, in the "cradle of the race," we see nations rise and then disappear, but ever the progress of mankind has been towards the West.

In our own country, the western part represents a most important section of the nation. It is, in fact, the larger half of the territory of the United States. It is nearly 1800 miles from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean. From British America to Mexico it is almost 1200 miles.

By the great mountain chain of the continent this region is separated into four sections.

From the Missouri River, going west, there is an open stretch of plains, five hundred miles wide to the Rocky Mountains. For the most part, it is high tableland, with three or four great rivers flowing through its whole width. This has become the great pasture-ground of the country.

Another section is the Rocky Mountain region, rich in mineral wealth, as well as in inspiration to the poetic traveler. The third section extends from the Rockies to the Sierra Nevadas. The whole region is high; there are but few trees and but little verdure on hills or plains. Finally are the Sierra Nevadas and the country between them and the Pacific Ocean. This region possesses a wealth and majesty of forest such as the world can offer nowhere else. It has a variety and richness of agricultural productions, that forms the sure basis of permanent wealth. So this vast region, built up by emigration from the East, has come to be the granery and provender, not only of our own nation, but of many of the countries of Europe.

To within a little more than half a century ago, that part of our country was practically unopened. The Indians continued to roam over its wilds long after the discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto. During the Revolutionary war the greater part belonged to Spain. With the finding of gold in California, in 1847, people began to learn of the vast region. But it remained for the Pacific Railroad to open its mysteries.

Following the railroad, soon great cities sprang up, and to-day, Chicago, the second city of the nation, represents the wealth and glory of this section. The West has contributed much to the advancement of our country. Its people, imbued with the spirit of progress, are cultivated, active, and loyal. Not only does it produce the cereal and the beef that add so much to the strength of the individual, but its citizens are enterprising, patriotic, and a most important part of the bone and sinew of the land.

VALEDICTORY.

To the Gentlemen of the Board of Directors:—We can hardly find words in which to express our feelings to you for your care in directing the affairs of this school, which has done so much in the making of us. Through your efforts here, you have shown how great is your interest in the deaf.

You have taken thought for our comfort and our education. You have made it possible for us to be prepared for this day when we assume the burdens of life.

We thank you from our hearts, and wish you health and happiness. Farewell.

Beloved Principal, Teachers and Officers:—The class of 1906, through me, expresses its sincere thanks to you for your patient and loving efforts in our behalf. We shall not forget you, nor the warm interest you have always shown in our welfare.

You have done much for us in the past. We can no longer expect to depend on you for daily help and guidance. We shall miss your kind advice and instruction, and, before departing, we wish to express to you our appreciation of your counsel and your affectionate care. Farewell.

Graduating Classmates and Schoolmates:—We, who are about to enter the world to seek what is before us, know what we are leaving. This school has done everything for us in the past. Let us show that the lessons we have learned have not been taught in vain. We have received much; let us then, to the extent of our several abilities do much that will prove that dear old Fanwood is still the same grand school as in old days—aye greater, even; for to-day, as you know, it is doing better work, showing more practical results than ever. Farewell.

IV. Report of the Annual Examination, by the Chairman of the Committee on Instruction, Dr. Charles A. Leale.

V. Distribution of Diplomas, Certificates and Prizes.

Certificates of good scholarship for the five years' course were given to:—Richard W. Byron, Edward F. Doenges, Charles A. Givens, Harry Grossman, Nathan Kopsuker, John G. Lange, Carl Lautenberger, Eugene Libe, Frank T. Lux, Alfred J. Lyons, Charles H. Miller, Frank M. Nimmo, Edward Ohland, Henry Scherer, Alfred F. Schoenewaldt, Vicenzo Vitalo, Ernest Walling, Hudson G. Wells, William C. Wren, Archibald Whitaker, Solomon Zimmerman, Frida Albert, Helena Berg, Katie Christgau, Marguerite L. Gordon, Grace Malony, Caroline Palmieri, Ida Socoloff, Emily Thorman.

Diplomas were awarded as follows:—

FROM EIGHT YEARS' COURSE.

ALFRED G. BARRY
JOHN HEIL, JR.
ARTHUR L. HURSON
FLORENCE E. BROWN
RUTH BENNETT
MABEL FINNELL
SARAH McKEOWN
ANNA C. MILLER
SORINA E. PLANT
CLARA M. WOOD

FROM HIGH CLASS COURSE.

SAMUEL COHEN
ANNA BONOFF
KATE BREDEMEYER
MAY HOFFMAN
MARIE TANZAS

The prizes for Shirtmaking were conferred on Lillian E. Cerny and Eva Christian.

The prizes for Dressmaking were conferred on Sarah McKeown and Fannie Krumholz.

The prizes for Plain Sewing were conferred on Sadie Reibstein and Ollie V. Wolf.

The prizes for proficiency in Cooking were awarded as follows:—

Female Class A.—Bessie Phillips.

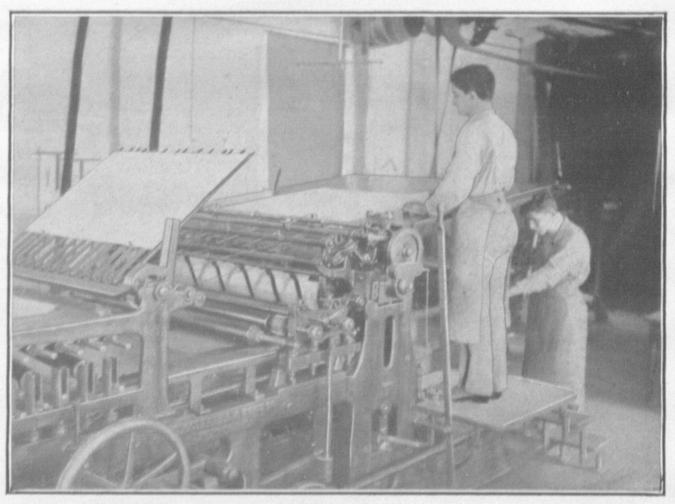
Female Class B.—Fannie Krumholz.

Male Class A.—Edward Trinks.

Male Class B.—Benjamin Goldstein.

Female Class C.—Gladys E. Wren.

Female Class D.—Anna L. Miller.



PRINTING THE "DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL."

The prizes for speed and accuracy in typesetting, punctuality and conduct during the year, originality and good taste in job work, and general knowledge of printing, were awarded to:—

First Grade.—Samuel Cohen.

Second Grade.—Carl Lautenberger.

Third Grade.—Solomon Zimmerman.

Fourth Grade.—Herbert Lieberz, Jr.

The prizes for Press work were awarded to:—

Division I.—Anton Tanzas.

Division II.—John Heil.

A prize for marked improvement in typesetting, and for good conduct during the year, was awarded to Jacob Lovitch.

Prizes were given to the pupils of each division for proficiency in their respective trades, viz:—

CARPENTERS.

Morning Division—First Prize, Vernon S. Birck, second prize, John Agresto.

Afternoon Division—First prize, Alfred Holzheimer.

TAILORS.

Samuel Paul.
Stephen Kabonovitch.

FLORICULTURE.

Morning Division.—Frank M. Nimmo. Afternoon division—Leopold Frey.

PAINTERS.

Frank Lux. Henry Schultz.

From the interest of the bequest made to this Institution by the late Madame Jumel, the following prizes were awarded in the Department of Art:—

SPECIAL ART CLASSES.

Prize for excellence and variety of work—Marie Tanzas.

Prizes for Mechanical Drawing—Frederick Fancher.

Prizes for Design—Kate Bredemeyer, Mildred Wood.

Prize for general excellence—William D. Bergman.

Prize for Improvement—Albert A. Downs.

SCHOOL ART CLASSES.

SENIOR GRADES.

First prize.—Ethel Howe; second prize, Henry Scherer, Delma Pearce.

Honorable Mention—George K. S. Gompers, Florence E. Brown.

INTERMEDIATE GRADES.

First Prize.—Walter E. Kadel.

Second Prize.—Joseph Hynes.

Third Prize.—Fannie Krumholz.

PRIMARY GRADES.

First Prize.—Leon Borochow, Evelyn Moose.

Second Prize.—John Koeper, Esther Karinski.

The Archibald D. Russell Gold Medals, for the highest proficiency in the school of the soldier, were awarded to:—Cadet Sergeant Frank M. Nimmo, A Company; Cadet Albert E. Dirkes, B Company; Cadet Corporal Harry Blechner, C Company.

The Principal's Gold Medal, for the best drill officer, was awarded to Cadet Captain Mendell Rosenberg.

The medals provided by General George Moore Smith, for marked excellence in Military drill, to:—Cadets Abraham L. Chaimowitz, Thomas Toburn and William Staak, of A Company; Cadet Sergeant Julius Seandal and Cadet Joseph Gabryelewicz, of B Company; Cadet Corporal Bruno Dornblut, and Cadets Moses Eisen and Isadore Lovitch, of Company C.

The Walter A. Rhodes medal for general excellence in field music, was awarded to Cadet Corporal Carl Lautenberger.

The Cary Testimonial, for superiority in character and scholarship, was awarded to Katie Christgau.

The Frizzell Prize, for unremitting effort and successful attainment, whether in language, signs, poetry or other studies embraced in the Intermediate Course, was awarded to Mildred Wood.

The William H. Fogg Prize, for marked ability in the control of others and for especial talent in conducting the exercises of the Drum and Fife Corps, was awarded to Alfred G. Barry.

The Demilt Prize, for scholarship and character, was awarded to Kate Bredemeyer.

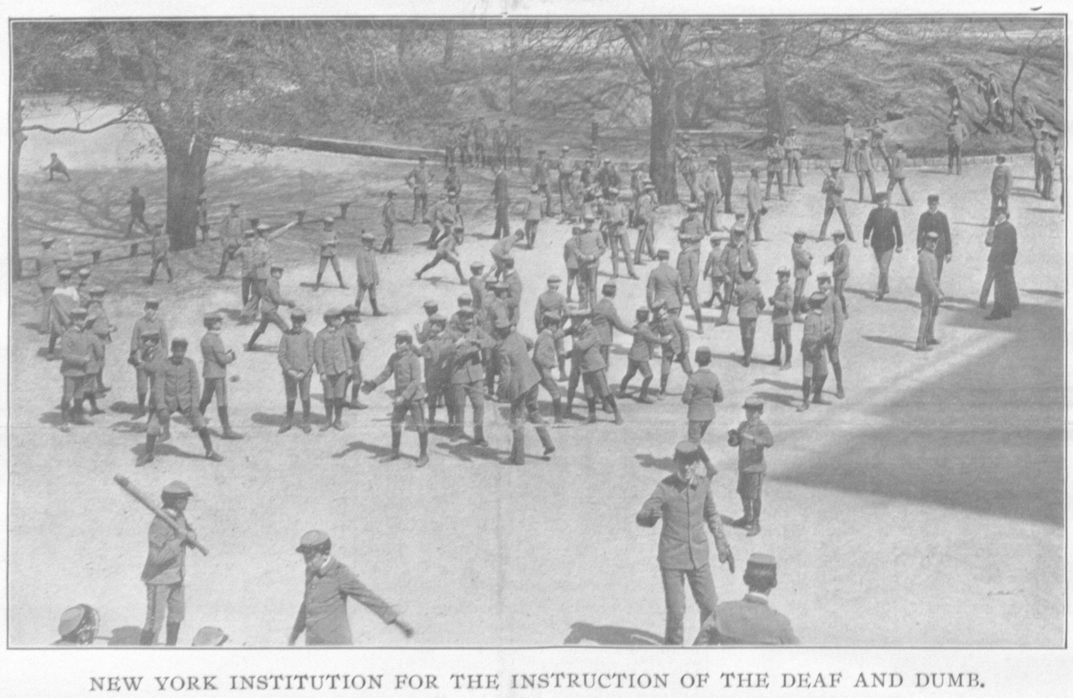
The Grosvenor Prize, for excellence in the reciprocal use of language and signs, was awarded to Mary Hoffman.

The Dennistoun Prize, for English Composition, was awarded to Ida Bucher.

The Ida Montgomery Testimonial, provided in fulfillment of the wishes of the late Benjamin Robert Winthrop, to be conferred upon such graduate pupil, who having become deaf prior to the age of fifteen years, shall, in the judgment of the Principal, have shown marked excellence in studies, character, and manual skill, was awarded to Marie Tanzas.

The testimonial to be conferred every year, in accordance with the terms of a bequest made to this Institution by the late Harriet Stoner, upon such pupil in this Institution as has never acquired any knowledge of language through the ear, and at the time of graduation shall be found to have attained the highest comparative excellence in character and study, was awarded to Annie Bonoff.

The Holbrook Gold Medal, for highest excellence in all studies pursued in the High Class, was awarded to Samuel Cohen.



NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.
ON THE PLAYGROUND.

VI. "All America," recited in signs.

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

I love thy inland seas,
Thy sweet magnolia trees,
Thy palms and pines;
Thy canyons, wild and deep;
Thy prairies' boundless sweep,
Thy rocky mountains steep,
Thy deepest mines.

I love thy silvery strands,
Thy Golden Gate that stands
Afront the West;
Thy sweet and crystal air,
Thy sunlight everywhere—
O land beyond compare,
I love thee best!

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

Our father's God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light:
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

VII. Benediction.

TAPS.

PLANTING THE CLASS IVY.

The members of the class of 1906 chose "Hope" as their motto, and Samuel Cohen as ivy orator. The class ivy was planted on Thursday afternoon, the seventh, with appropriate ceremonies befitting the occasion.

Principal Currier made the opening address, giving excellent advice to those who are to go out into the world. The oration was as follows:—

IVY ORATION.

Dear Principal, Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow Classmates:—The yearly gathering for the planting, or rather the adoption, of the Class Ivy has arrived, and we are assembled to perform this solemn duty. Our school life is drawing to its close, and we hope we are ready for the battle of life. Shall we succeed in the struggle? That remains to be answered only by ourselves. The courageous will say yes, while the weak will say nay. Go forth to the battle bravely with a smile, and victory will reward you in your efforts.

Our chosen motto, "Hope," is an appropriate one. In the dark and thorny path of life its light may guide us safely through the storm. We all have our hopes and worldly dreams, but they do not always turn out to be true. We must act. We will sometimes find life bitter and disappointing to us, so handicapped, but

"Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray."

In years to come, this ivy climbing upwards, growing greener than ever, will gain strength; so let us in our lives try to make them purer and nobler as we climb the ladder of opportunity, at the top of which is success.

We have been brought up carefully here in our *Alma Mater*, and the time has come when we must leave her. Sad, indeed, is the parting, but the sorrow is soothed when we think of the lessons she has taught us.

The world needs good men and women, and therefore let us show the world that we are prepared to do our parts, in spite of impediments. We must not think that deafness keeps us from succeeding in life. A bright future always awaits those who overcome all obstacles to progress.

Now we reach the parting. Our school life draws to a close, and the gates of the world stand ajar to receive and let us pass. May our motto, "Hope," be a source of inspiration to us through our lives.

Words of advice and encouragement were spoken by Dr. Fox, Profs. Jones, Clarke, Gardner and Burdick, after which, escorted by the Cadet Battalion, the graduating class, in couples, and followed by all the teachers, marched to the Main Building. In front, the cadets were lined, and at present arms. Dancing and games followed, and a dainty collation was served in the large dining hall, the tables being resplendent with Japanese napkins and cut flowers.

THE GUILD OUTING.

Next Saturday, June 16th, the Guild of Silent Workers will hold their annual outing at Van Cortlandt Park, Woodlawn, N. Y. As the Guild has done good work in helping the needly deaf during the year, it is hoped that a large attendance will mark this annual outing. Fifteen cents will be charged for badges. The program below should be the means of bringing together the best athletes.

PROGRAM OF EVENTS.

100-yards dash,	Running broad jump,
Putting the shot,	Running backward,
High jump,	Half mile run.

A Waterman fountain pen as first prize to the winner of most points in above events. Prizes also to second and third.

FOR LADIES.

100-yards dash,	Egg and spoon race,
	Throwing the ball.

Prizes to winner of each event.

To reach the grounds take Jerome Avenue trolley to entrance opposite Muller's Van Cortlandt Park Hotel. All surface cars on East side above Harlem River give transfers to Jerome Avenue, per Willis Avenue, 177th Street, Kingsbridge route on Fordham Road, McLean Avenue, and Yonkers Avenue.

NEW ENGLAND.

[Any New England News or business for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL may be sent to Geo. C. Sawyer, 79 Milton Ave. Dorchester, Mass.]

Boston has for the past week and will be for the next two weeks in a whirl of social gaiety. In fact, such a round of good times has never before been crowded into one month. First on the list was the celebration of the china wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Ira H. Derby, of South Weymouth, on May 30th. For some time before, the friends of this highly esteemed couple had been planning a gala day on the happy anniversary, and it originated in the fertile brain of Mrs. W. J. Rudolph to have the friends contribute some substantial gift as a reminder of the occasion. Accordingly, some seventy friends of the couple helped make up a large sum of money which amounted to nearly forty-five dollars, with which at first it was intended to purchase a dining room outfit, but on second thought—*i.e.*, how to get the things in the house without the couple seeing them beforehand, also it was thought best to let the couple select the style that suits them best. As the Derbys live some distance out of town, the party was planned to be an all-day affair Accordingly lunches were brought along and a sort of picnic was had out on the lawn under the shade of the trees. Mr. Bigelow, did a great business in photographing the different groups of merry-makers. In the first place, I forgot to say that the Derbys were prepared for a little company, the Marcus Brown family had been invited by them to dinner that day, so though we didn't catch them just as we would have liked to, the big crowd that crowded in so unexpectedly nearly caused them to collapse, though they soon recovered their senses, being in the surprise-giving business to others themselves, and started to make the guests as comfortable as possible, still in ignorance of the real object of the party until quite late in the afternoon, when Mr. Bigelow called the crowd together for a sitting, with the host and hostess well in the front. Mrs. P. S. Bowden, of Beverly, made a neat speech, stating the object, then presented the money in behalf of their friends, after which Mr. and Mrs. Derby managed to extend their hearty thanks.

During the afternoon some neighbor friend brought around his large automobile and gave the whole crowd a ride, some half dozen getting in each time, and thoroughly enjoyed the ride at speed-limit, if not over speed, which nearly took the wind out of some of them. At about six o'clock supper was served on the lawn by the ladies who planned the affair. There was plenty of tea, coffee, sandwiches, ice cream and cakes, to fill up the seventy or more hungry stomachs. The fun was kept up out of doors until about 8:30, when the guests began to turn homeward, wishing the couple many more years of happiness.

To say that the affair was enjoyed would be saying very little, for some of them remarked that the party was the very best of its kind they had attended for many a year.

In response to invitations, some thirty or forty friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Haynes, assembled at their Back Bay home on Friday evening, June 1st, the fifteenth anniversary of their wedding. Among the guests were a number of oralists, former schoolmates of Mrs. Haynes. Mr. Haynes, being a hearing gentleman, G. C. S. had a good opportunity to study the "Restored to Society problem," for throughout the evening the oralists seemed to keep abreast with the hearing guests.

There were singing, music, recitations and dancing, to say nothing of the cracking of jokes on one another. The deaf ones were perfectly able to converse and read the lips of all, taking part in all but the singing. Miss McLaughlin was able to entertain the guests with music on the piano. Whist also was played for a time until the march to the dining room, where supper was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Haynes were married fifteen years ago, on June 1st, in Emanuel Church, Boston, of which Mr. Haynes is now sexton. Three children blessed this union, two daughters and one son.

Many beautiful articles of cut glass, silver and china, were presented to the couple. The guests left for home at about eleven o'clock, after having passed a most enjoyable evening, wishing the host and hostess many more years of wedded bliss. Among the deaf ones present were Misses Driscoll, McLaughlin, Brodbine, Mrs. Jellison, Mrs. McNeil, Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer.

Next came, Mr. and Mrs. John J. McNeill's crystal wedding surprise party, June 2. Their friends also had planned to make it a memorable occasion. The affair was originally planned by Messrs. T. F. Moodie and P. W. Parcells, but was carried out by through united efforts of Messrs. E. A. Wellington and J. F. Lang.

Though originally intended to be a birthday party for Mr. McNeill on April 28th last, upon finding his crystal wedding day so near, they made plans accordingly, friends and relatives joining in contributing sums with which a very handsome silver service was purchased and in some way smuggled into the house. Through some one's carelessness in letting the cat out of the bag at the wrong time, Mrs. McNeill unfortunately got hold of the whole thing, but kept quiet and let the game be worked on Mr. McNeill alone. His brother-in-law lured him away from home Saturday soon after tea, and managed to keep him out of the way until the crowd took possession of the house. He reached his home at about 8:30. Going in the back door, was glad to meet a few friends in the kitchen, at first, until these in the other rooms commenced to file out, then it seemed to dawn on him that he was the victim of a surprise. The big box was brought out in the parlor, and the tea service placed on the table before Mr. and Mrs. McNeil, and Mr. A. A. Wellington in a short speech presented them in behalf of the assembled guests. Mr. McNeil scratched his head for a speech, which he managed to pull out, though a very short one, but full of appreciation for the thoughtfulness of his friends, remarking that as the gift is something that cannot soon go to smash, it will be a very pleasant reminder of his friends as well as of his fifteenth wedding anniversary. The spacious rooms were so crowded and uncomfortably warm that no attempt was made at playing the usual indoor games. It was more of an all around reception, with plenty of jokes and good stories to while away the time. Refreshments consisting of salad and chicken, sandwiches, ice cream, sherbet, as sorted cakes, also refreshing drinks to suit one and all Some time before midnight the house began to shake; it was simply a dance in the back kitchen, a number of hearing relatives and friends had sole possession and made the most of it in cramped space, dancing away to the music from a violin played by Mr. McNeill's brother-in-law. It was a lively lot of dancers, and they went at it in a way that convulsed the onlookers with laughter. We couldn't tell what they were at, it seemed a mixture of Irish, Scotch and French dancing, all to the same tune.

Mr. Bigelow took a flashlight picture in the parlor. Among those present were:—Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Wellington, Mr Neil McNeil, Mr. and Mrs P. F. Hunt, Messrs. F. and H. Hodgkins, Mr and Mrs Joseph E. Hodgkins, Joseph C. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. G. Abrams, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Wood, Mr. T. F. Moodie, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Bigelow, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Morse, Mr. J. C. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Sawyer, Miss F. H. McCandlish, Mrs. J. O. Haynes, Miss McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Luke, Miss G. C. Miller, Miss M. C. Driscoll, Mrs. K. Regan, Mr. and Mrs. W. Perry, Mr. P. S. Creamer, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Lang, Miss E. B. Brown, Mrs. O. Fecteau, Mr. Gunninson, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rudolph, Mr. H. C. White, Miss E. D. Moore, Mrs. C. L. Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. G. Hall, Mrs. E. G. de Coen, Mr. J. McNeil, Mr. G. A. Holmes and Mr. P. Parcels.

On June 3d, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Sawyer rounded out sixteen years of wedded happiness, the day also marked the fifteenth anniversary of the birth of their first child, Frederick Caton Sawyer, who died several years ago. The day was spent quietly, resting from the effects of McNeil's party. Toward evening a stream of callers were on hand, and a jolly party were seated at the tea table, though no especial menu had been provided, they "ate drank and made merry." After tea, still another stream of callers came, and a most delightful evening was spent.

On Wednesday, June 6th, the Gallaudet Society give their annual Strawberry Festival at St. Andrews' Hall.

Mr. Geo. A. Holmes has issued invitations to a limited number of friends for a party in celebration of his having served as a clerk in the Registry of Deeds office for fifty years, the party will be at his home in Cambridge, on June 12th.

Mr. H. C. White was conspicuous by his absence at the McNeil reception, as he usually bobs up on such occasions. It turned out that the "poor feller" was under the weather, so missed the good time.

On May 30th, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Nichols, of Lynn, gave a select party at their home The guests were all semi mutes, graduates from the Northampton and Horace Mann Schools.

An artistically printed programme of an entertainment given by Rhode Island Deaf Society at Providence, May 29th, was received just now. If the printing was done by Mr. Samuel McCarthy, and I have no doubt it was, as he is a printer, it is a compliment to his ability

Still another compliment, but of a different party, the Committees of the entertainment, Messrs. F. C. Egan, Chairman, and J. F. Lorimer and Mrs. Wm. T. Morlock, for the fine programme which undoubtedly many of the Bostonians will regret in not attending the entertainment, after reading the programme below:—

1. Address.
2. Tennis Dance, by Misses Mowry.
3. A Disagreeable Chaperon—"Going to church," by Mrs. J. F. Lorimer, Miss Mary Boisveet and S. N. McCarthy.
4. Indian Club Swinging, by Joseph Barnes.
5. Japanese Fan Drill, by Mrs. Wm. T. Morlock and Mrs. J. F. Lorimer.
6. Dumb Bells and Wand, by Misses Mowry.
7. Going with an electric car (a polite man rewarded), by Miss Maker, Mr. Curtice and Mr. O'Brien.
8. Waitress' Drill, by Mrs. Morlock, Miss Clara Hackett, Mrs. Lorimer, and Miis Laure Hackett.
9. Fencing, by Misses Mowry.
10. Handcuff Trick, by Ernest Herzog.
11. Grand March.
12. Virginia Reel.
13. Progressive Whist.
14. Refreshments and other Games for Prizes.

Mrs. Negus, of Milford, and Miss Woolson, of Hudson, Mass., were guests of Mrs. Bigelow, for a few days, after attending the Derby party. G. C. S.

PRESBYTERIAN NOTICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

REV. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN, *Pastor*

Sunday service at 7.30 P.M. Sermon, interpreted into signs by Mr. E. P. Clarke.

Bible Class meets at 8 o'clock.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

CLUB-ROOM BULLETIN

June 16.—Game of Ping Pong.
June 23.—Old Fashioned Strawberry Social in the Parlors.
June 30.—Mid-summer Excursion.



NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.—"Colors Dismissed."

OHIO.

An Engagement that is Causing Interest.

KIHM'S DOUBLE HOME RUN.

A Correction—Minor Notes of Interest.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.

June 6th, '06.—The *Dispatch*, of Sunday published the following bit of interesting news. The other papers also announced it. The matter fell as a surprise to the deaf of the city, as nothing of the kind was surmised at this time. All the same, friends congratulate them The wedding is to occur in the fall.

Miss Bessie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. McFadden, of 93 Oak Street, is engaged to Mr. H. C. Cook, of Pittsburg, Pa., no date having been set for the wedding. Rev. Philip J. Hasenstab, pastor of a Chicago M. E. church, has been asked to perform the ceremony.

Miss McFadden is a graduate of the Ohio School for Deaf, and was later a student of Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Cook, a draughtsman, is a graduate of the Edgewood Park, Pa., School for Deaf. He was a student at the Ohio State University last winter, taking a course in engineering.

The Advance Society held a meeting Tuesday evening. Reports of the receipts and expenditures of the pic-nic at the Home on May 30th, were made, and it was found that the society cleared sixty-three dollars. So the society has now some two hundred dollars in its treasury to be used exclusively for the Home. A motion was made and carried that the society take charge of the Men's Cottage and keep it furnished and in repair, provided the Board of Managers grant the privilege. This latter will, no doubt, be cheerfully acquiesced in.

Mr. August Beckert, who has been an active and useful member since the society's organization, tendered his resignation, much to the regret of his associates. It was accepted and he was unanimously elected an honorary member. The reason of Mr. Beckert's resignation is that he is soon to leave the city.

The Columbus Association Club played in Toledo, Sunday, and as Kihm's home, Delphos, is near there one hundred or more of his neighbors came up to see him and the game. George repaid them for their presence by knocking out a home run, much to their delight. Here is the way one of the papers put it:

"One hundred fans were present from Delphos, O., to see George Kihm perform. 'The Dummy' was proud of the recognition and just to send them home feeling good, batted out the longest hit of the day, a home run into the gas tank over the center field fence."

And for this good piece of business, the management allowed Kihm after the game to run down to his home and become acquainted with wife and heirs. He showed up again Monday, at Columbus.

We are always willing to make corrections, where we find an error has been made on our part. We alluded to the F. S. D. *button* worn by members of the order as costing $2.25 and 2 50. These buttons are really given to members free. What we did intend to say was the *badge* or watch charm bearing the letters W. A. E. and F. F. F. Otherwise our statement was correct, and we hope no one hereafter will be foolish enough to pay $2.25 and 2.50 for an article that would be dear at 50 cents. We hope our Dayton F. S. D. friends are now satisfied with the correction. By the way, we would kindly ask them to investigate the report that the Acorn Club is using money for its room furnishings from the F. S. D. funds, contrary to the Constitution. It is to their own interests, for if it proves true that such is the fact, the money they have contributed is being used for a different purpose from what intended.

The Independents tackled the Pan Handle White Sox Club last Friday on the home grounds and downed them, 2 to 0. On Saturday, they went over to Kirkersville and tried conclusions with the club there. The result proved discouraging to the Independent's friends, for they were downed 5 to 4. It was their second defeat of the season.

The Sunday visitors were Misses Olender, of Toledo, Grace Albert, of Brookville, Iva Lohr, of London, Lillian Raub, of near Sandusky, Terlep, Kischner and Mrs. Cowley, of Cleveland, besides Messrs. Kane, of Toledo, and Schilling, of Cleveland. Misses Raub, Olivia Baldwin and Albert accompanied Miss Lohr to her home, to spend a week with her.

Dr. Patterson had an audience of over fifty at his Dayton lecture, Saturday evening. His subject was "Stories of Early History of Ohio," and was highly interesting and appreciated. It netted the society quite a sum, which it will use for the benefit of the Home. Sunday, in company with Mr. C. H. Cory, he visited the homes of most of the Dayton deaf and found all comfortably situated, happy in their homes and holding their own in life's battles.

The Dayton P. Society was entertained Saturday evening, by Miss Bessie McFadden at her home. Among the invited were Misses Millard and Sawhill, of the class of '06. Time was passed pleasantly in games and chats. Light refreshments were served

Examinations were in progress, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday so all that remains now is giving out results, packing trunks and starting the pupils, Wednesday morning, off for their homes.

"Patriotism," will be the writer's subject at the Wheeling lecture, Saturday evening, June 16th. On the afternoon of the 17th, weather permitting, a service will be held on the lawn of Mrs. P. Zane, near Wheeling.

INDIANA.

Mr. N. Field Morrow is mourning the loss of his aged mother, who died Saturday, June 2d, of old age. We join Mr. Morrow's many friends in extending to him our heartfelt sympathy. A mother's love and guidance are things apart and nothing can ever fill their place.

Mrs. Tunis V. Archer, who has been very ill for some time with typhoid fever, is reported to be at death's door. The doctors entertain no hope of her recovery, and long before this item reaches our readers, she may have gone to her last reward.

William Stevick concluded he did not like Indianapolis, and decamped. There are quite a number of people who would like to know his whereabouts.

Sidney Jefferson Vail, our grand old man, has departed for Staten Island, where he will spend the summer. Too many "skeeters" in Jersey.

R. Otis Yoder will act as our subagent for Elkhart, Goshen and vicinity. Otis is a hustler, and if you want the news you better get in our band wagon. Read the JOURNAL.

Charles Kruger and wife, of Bloomington; Clark Bragg, of Noblesville; Grant Martyn and Frank Adams, of Shelbyville; Charles Craig, of Lewis, and George Beyer, were in town last Sunday, taking in the sights All attended the doings at the institution.

Hiram Black, has been critically ill at his home in Greenwich. The young man's health has gradually broke down. Up to a week ago he was able to be around, but now has taken to his bed and his recovery is despaired of.

Mrs. John A. Dunlap will take Mrs. Sarah Bayne to the Catskills, for two or three weeks, after which Mrs. Bayne will go to the Gallaudet Home.

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the woe and heart-ache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load:
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be?
Would we wait with such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,—
Never trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, those little ice-cold fingers!
How they point our memory back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping by and by.

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air.

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all about our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day;
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

THE LAND OF SILENCE.

HOW A YOUNG WOMAN, DEJECTED BY THE LOSS OF HER HEARING, IS RESTORED TO HER OLD CHEERFULNESS.

When the fever left Margaret Hanson so weak and feeble that it was an effort to turn her head on the pillow, her first sign of interest in the life coming back to her was wonder at the intense stillness. The nurse moved as if shod with velvet, no one spoke aloud in the room, and the window that had creaked so annoyingly all through the first irritable stages of her sickness moved back and forth without a sound. As she watched it she remembered that she had wanted some one to fasten it, but with the unreasonableness of the sick she had said to herself that if they did not care enough for her comfort to see that it worried her without being told, she would never tell them. Some one must have noticed it and padded it in some way, for here it was, moving back and forth in the same old way, but without a sound.

"How very sick I have been!" she thought, as she glanced at the thin, white hands, which she felt no inclination to lift from the bed. "That must be the reason every one is so still, and no one speaks to me."

Then she slept and awakened, ate a little, and slept again with the knowledge that life and strength were coming back to her, but still the dreadful quiet which shut her in puzzled and perplexed her. She seemed to be an actor in a pantomime that grew more and more oppressive.

"I must ask the doctor how long it is necessary for me to lie here with no one to talk to. I must ask him at his next visit. I am certainly better and stronger this bright spring morning."

She was lying with her face turned to the creaking window, which had been opened to let in the fresh air. The branches of an apple-tree, full of pink, unopened buds, almost filled it. She thought of the chattering wrens that had a nest in the branches the year before, and hoped they would come back.

"They were such noisy company in the mornings, but what a relief their shrill songs would be now! They always treated me to a perfect carnival of song at daybreak, no matter how badly I wauted to sleep"

She raised herself in the bed with a look of horror. On the nearest branch she saw a bird, who with open mouth was evidently singing with a perfect abandon of ecstasy. And she could not hear him!

This then was the life she had come back to and been so grateful to have. The doctor who tried to comfort her told her that as strength returned she might regain her hearing in some degree, but she turned away and refused to be comforted. The spring days lengthened and health returned and with it strength to endure, but Margaret with drew from all kindness and sympathy.

"Why should I pretend to enjoy seeing any one, or why should people with the best intentions endure trying to talk to me? It is so distressing for them to shout at me, and it cuts me to the heart when they laugh at my mistakes. It only makes me more miserable than I am. I must endure living, but I can make no pretense of enjoying it."

"But just think," wrote a friend, "how much worse it would have been for you if the fever had left you blind! You can at least look out over the earth and enjoy its beauties. You are not without friends if you will let them love you. You have a good home, and do not have to go into the world to live. Think more of your blessings, Margaret, and do not dwell so persistently on what you have lost."

"It does not help me to know it is worse to be blind," she answered. "I pity all sufferers, but forever pressing on me is this horror by night and by day—that I am forever alone. Everything that moves around me moves as in a nightmare I never succeed in shaking off this feeling of unreality. Let me alone, that I may learn to bear this as best I may in solitude."

So one by one her friends withdrew. She seldom left her home, and invited no one to visit her. There mere many who pitied her, but knew of no way to reach her, and as the years passed by they forgot her even as she wished to be forgotten.

It was another day in early spring, five years later, when Margaret walked down the streets of the village, and noticed the swelling buds on the lilacs, the tender green of the newly springing grass, and with a pang the pink buds on the apple-trees. These buds were so associated with her memory of the day when she first learned of her deafness that she almost wished they would not bloom where she must see them.

The minister of the church which she had attended years before smiled at her from the door, and came out to write on her tablet.

"It is a late Easter, Margaret, but we have more blossoms for it. Will you not come in and see the lilies? We would be glad to have you at the services to-morrow."

"The Lord has afflicted me and turned His face from me," she answered, coldly. "I will not sing for gladness, 'Christ is risen.' One year is as another with me, except as it brings me nearer the time when I shall endure no longer."

"Poor child," sighed the minister, as she passed on, "so young and so bitter! I wish I knew how best to reach her."

Margaret passed on down the street. Near the end of it stood a house, small and shabby, and she remembered that just the day before there had been a poor little funeral from it.

"Some one who was needed and will be missed," she thought, "while I live on."

"Will you come in here a little while?" It was the doctor who spoke.

She was glad to have him speak to her. He was one of the very few people she could hear without much effort. She turned in at the gate with him. He led her to a baby's crib in the corner of the one room.

"I want you to take him and care for him. He has no one in the wide world."

"How can I?" she protested. "I could not hear him if he cried or called. You cannot be in earnest."

"His lungs are sound. I think you could hear him."

As if in proof of the doctor's assertion, the baby raised its voice in a loud wail.

"I can hear him indeed," said she, with a laugh. "I will take him a few days until you can do better for him."

"I might do better for him, possibly, but I do not know any way of doing better for her," thought the doctor.

The next morning she did not have time to think, as she always did. "One more day to get through as best I may!" The baby must be washed and fed, and by her own hands, for, with the sweet tyranny of babyhood, he would go to no one else. She even sang to him as he nestled against her to sleep, and Margaret's old housekeeper smiled to herself as she went about her good work.

"I will watch and help her where she cannot hear," she thought, "but it is best for her to have the care of him. It's most like old time to hear her singing like that again."

"Are you tired of him?" asked the doctor, a few weeks later. "I have a chance to place him in a home now."

"It would break my heart to give him up," she answered. "I do not think I lived at all before I had him."

"Well, I won't take him by force. The world is full of little ones needing help."

"And full of grown-up people needing to give it," said Margaret, softly.

I wish I could tell how much the baby did for her. Almost before she realized it she was taking up her life where she had dropped it. Much as she loved the baby, she found that love alone would not do. Its little ailments were matters of vital importance, and must be discussed with some one who knew how to advise her.

One by one old friends who had long been shut out came back at her call. Margaret forgot her deafness, her sensitiveness and loneliness as she hung over the baby's crib. She forgot her old fear that people might speak to her and annoy her as she wheeled the boy in the sunshiny streets. For the baby's sake she went once more to the church, where the lilies breathed out their fragrance, and in time sang almost with the old joyfulness, "Christ is risen!"

"The Lord had not forgotten me," she said, long afterwards. "My life can never be what it might have been but He has given me strength to make the best of what is left. Though I dwell in the land of silence forever, is shall be a land of hopefulness and love."—*Frances Prey, in Youth's Companion.*

The Deaf Child's Difficulties.

People in the outside world do not stop to think of what very great difficulties the deaf have to encounter in acquiring even a tolerable knowledge of English, and what a life-time work it is for them to secure anything like a thorough education. Hearing and speaking people, in trying to carry on a written conversation with a half grown deaf boy, will often express surprise at his meagre knowledge of language when the boy has probably been at school three or four sessions—that is, has had hardly as great advantages as an ordinary child four years of age. A child possessed of hearing and speech knows the names of all familiar objects, and has accumulated a very extensive vocabulary before it begins to study the letters of the alphabet. A deaf boy first learns his A, B, C,'s in order that he may find out his own name and then the names of things he has seen and handled since infancy; and if, when his school days have ended, his acquirements measure up to the general knowledge of the boy who whistles on his way to school with a spelling book under his arm, he has done about as much as the average deaf-mute can do in the time ordinarily allotted him at his State Institution—*Va. Gazette.*

Leaves as Medicine.

Grape leaves are the sovereign remedy in Switzerland for cuts and fresh wounds. Decoctions of the juice of the leaves are used in poultices. An agreeable tea is also made from the leaves, which is said greatly to strengthen the nerves. The leaves are also excellent food for cows, hogs and sheep. The "tears" of the vine (used medicinally) are a limpid exudation of the sap at the time the plant begins budding, and are found on the vine where the slightest wound occurs to the plant. The liquid is collected by cutting off the ends of the canes, bending them down, and sticking the ends into the neck of the bottle, which will be filled in a few days. The wood and branches are used in the manufactures of baskets, furniture, rustic work; bark for tying material, etc, and, when burned, potash and salts.

1902 1906

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Saturday July 7, 1906
[Particulars Later]

NOTICE—The Fifth Annual Convention of the New Jersey Deaf-Mute Association will be held in Roseville Park, at 10 o'clock A.M.

A. D. SALMON, *Pres.*
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OUTING
under the auspices of the
Guild of Silent Workers

Van Cortlandt Park,
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Saturday, June 16, '06

There will be Field events for Gentlemen and Ladies, and prizes given to successful competitors.

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The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about $30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

Subscriptions may be sent to the

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OF THE

League of Elect Surds

WILL BE HELD AT

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Music by Prof. Davis. Tickets, 25 Cents Each

The League of Elect Surds desires to announce to its friends and patrons that every one who attends this Outing will be welcomed without exception, but the Committee reserves the privilege to eject from the grounds any disorderly persons. The Deaf every where wishing to have a jolly good time should not forget to attend this Outing.

There will be Bowling for Cash Prizes in the afternoon and evening.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS—Anthony Capelli (Chairman), Max Miller, Fred Hoffman, and Assisted by all the members of the League of Elect Surds.

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OF THE

EMPIRE STATE ASSOCIATION

OF DEAF-MUTES

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Address all communications to the Secretary.

TWENTY-FIFTH BIENNIAL

CONVENTION

OF THE

New England Gallaudet Association of the Deaf

AT

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

August 20th and 21st, 1906.

[Full particulars regarding hall, hotels and railroads, will be given about June 20th.]

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